



I walked up the dunes.
The branches of the beech trees blew in the blustery breeze.
The wind whispered as I walked through the soft sand.
Birds talked to their friends in the distant trees of the forest.
I walked even further.
The snow crunched under my shoes.
A squirrel crossed the path
And ran up the brambly tree bark.
I walked towards the lake.
The unwrought wind whipped by face.
I looked back at the camel humps of sand in the distance
Remembering the peaceful sounds I had passed.
The waves crashed up on the beach like cymbals in a band
Bringing small stones and sand to the shore.

Katie, Grade 10